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SUMMARY OF NEWS.

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Politics of Europe.

Greek Insurrection.—According to accounts which have lately reached us from Greece, it would seem as if the Turks had nearly succeeded in quelling the Greek insurrection. Prince Ypsilanti had addressed a proclamation to his followers, touched in the most indignant and reprobate terms, and accusing them of the basest treachery and poltroonery. Whether these charges are well or ill founded, we have no means of knowing; but supposing them to be true, they ought neither to excite our surprise nor indignation. Such conduct is the natural consequence of the treatment the Greeks have long experienced. The operations of nature on the human race continue invariable. Nor can it be doubted, that were the Greeks of the present day placed in the same circumstances as their illustrious ancestors, they would manifest the same intellectual energies, the same invincible bravery, and the same zeal for freedom. It is the tyranny and oppression of the government to which they have been subjected that has debased their minds and enfeebled their bodies. And had the English, the French, or the Americans been prostrated beneath the Ottoman despotism, they would have been equally a prey to all the vices with which the Greeks are now reproached; and would perhaps have wanted the docility and acuteness which still characterise this extraordinary people.

We begin to be afraid, that the mean and illiberal jealousies of the other powers will prevent Russia, the only power who could effect the liberation of the Greeks, from lending them her assistance. We have already endeavoured to shew, that the annexation of European Turkey to Russia would not make any real addition to the power of the latter. But supposing that it did, that circumstance ought not to be allowed to stand in the way of the vast advantage that would result to the Greeks, and to all Europe, from the expulsion of the Turks. Our manners and civilization, our arts and sciences, have still remained foreign to the followers of OTTOMAN. Asiatic barbarians they came into Europe, and such they continue to this hour. Their cruel and savage barbarity to the unfortunate victims of their power ought to render them the objects of universal hostility. The law of force is the only one of which they have any knowledge, and the only right which they recognise is that of conquest. They encamp in Europe, but they do not belong to it. Their religion, their manners, their language, their dress and costume, and their obstinate and overweening contempt of every thing without the pale of their own faith, are all strictly Oriental. Their long occupation of Greece can give them no right to a country to which naturally they had none; nor any pretensions to a legitimate establishment in the midst of an indigenous people, with whom they have never amalgamated, but with regard to whom they have always continued strangers and enemies.

Europe owes her learning, her arts, her civilization—every thing, in short, that renders her either powerful or distinguished, to Greece. May we hope that she has also acquired some portion of that lively and intense feeling of gratitude, which prompted the ancient Greeks to offer divine honours to those to whom they had been signally indebted. If we are not entirely destitute of this feeling, if we are not altogether insensible to the value, and unworthy of the benefits we have derived from the ancestors of the people who are now so inhumanly murdered and plundered by a horde of Tartar banditti, we will not certainly refuse to interpose in their behalf; at all events, we will not interfere to pre-

vent others from expelling their savage oppressors from Europe. *Scotsman, Aug. 25.*

Spain.—A circumstance has recently occurred in Spain, which bids fair to give a severe shock to the pernicious ascendancy which the Court of Rome has been so long enabled to maintain in that kingdom. Two highly respected ecclesiastics, Senor BAPICA, a tried friend to the constitution, and Senor MUÑOZ TORRERO, who was formerly chosen President of the Cortes and who in that capacity gave all the support in his power to the measures for the abolition of the Monasteries, and the diminution of tithes, festivals, &c. were appointed by the King, on the recommendation of the Cortes, the former to the Archbishopric of Seville, and the latter to the Bishopric of Guadix. According to the constitution of the Spanish Church, it has hitherto been deemed necessary that the King's nomination of Bishops should be confirmed by the Pope. This confirmation has, however, been almost invariably given as a matter of course. But, in this instance, it has, for the first time, been peremptorily refused; and the Pope's nuncio distinctly told Senor TORRERO, that his conduct in the Cortes was the reason why his Holiness could not send the Bull for his confirmation. This insolent interference with the rights of the King and of the Cortes has given the highest offence. The Madrid papers have, on this occasion, assumed a new tone; and the arbitrary and insidious conduct of his Holiness is as boldly denounced in the Spanish capital, as it could be in London or New York. The strongest sensation has, in consequence, been excited throughout the whole country; and well-founded expectations are every where entertained, that one of the first acts of the ensuing Cortes will be to break off all communication with the See of Rome, and to put an end to that most unnatural and preposterous yoke under which Spain has groaned for centuries.

Extraordinary Preservation of a Wounded Russian Soldier.—In the disastrous retreat of the French army, after the bombardment of Moscow, the following melancholy history of a poor wounded Russian is given by Surgeon Begin, of the French army, and is thus translated by Dr. James Johnson, in the *Medical and Surgical Review* for this month (August):—

After leaving Moscow, says M. Begin, we found all the villages in ashes, and a dead silence reigning every where around us. Having wandered a little from the main route of the army, I was roused from a melancholy reverie on the misfortunes of our army, by the groans of a human being, who appeared, by the sounds, to be close to me. I stared around, but could see nothing, except scattered and half putrid corpses. The groans continued, and I alighted from my horse to make a more careful examination of the place. After several minutes search, I discovered in the ditch of a redoubt, and lodged in the disembowelled carcase of a horse, a wretched Russian soldier, whose right leg had been carried off by a cannon shot, and who had existed in that horrid asylum for six weeks—namely, from the battle of Moscow! During the time he had lived on the carcass of the animal, whose bones and skin served him for a habitation. Almost every particle of flesh was clean scraped from the interior of the animal, the thorax and abdomen of which protected the wounded soldier from the pelting storm. The stump was nearly healed by the efforts of nature alone, and the Russian, though pale, squalid, and haggard, was apparently firm in strength, and by no means ill in health. All M. Begin could do, was to give him a dram from his canteen, which set the poor Muscovite almost

in ecstasies. He left him where he found him, but had no doubt that the Russian army, who were pursuing them, would relieve the unfortunate soldier from his dreary abode in a day or two afterwards.

Advocates to Coroner's Inquest.—A good deal of discussion has taken place in the Journals respecting the right and propriety of allowing advocates to attend Coroner's Inquests. The law appears, like all English common law, to be very doubtful; the reason of the matter however is, we think, quite settled in the following paragraph:—"Does any one suppose that Mr. Adolphus went to the Inquest to promote the due administration of justice, or that any Counsel goes to that or any other place for any such purpose? Mr. Adolphus went there, like a true advocate, to promote the due administration of justice so far as it coincided with the interests of his client, and no farther; and for the rest, to misstate law, to pervert facts, to embarrass witnesses, and, by the whole weight of his logic and his reputation, to oppress or confound the Coroner and the Jurymen. His object—his only direct object, is to get off his clients; so he can succeed in this, Mr. Adolphus would naturally wish rather that they should be guilty than innocent. In proportion to the enormity of the guilt which a Counsel succeeds in screening from punishment by his skill, in the same proportion is his reputation increased, and he is the more eagerly resorted to in other cases by the innocent as well as the guilty. There is nothing in Mr. Adolphus, we presume, to make the world judge more favourably of him than of other Counsel."—*Traveler.*

Coronation.—Mr. Parkins has sent us an account of a very flagrant piece of insolent violence committed by some of the understrappers of the Mock-Constitutional Association. Just before the Coronation, a bookseller near Lincoln's Inn had stuck up inside his shop-window the following verses:—

The Coronation to be postponed
Until King and Queen can both be crowned;
When that will be, we cannot say,
It may be, or it never may,
But without excuse, and without pretext,
If not in this world,—it may be in the next!
Should they both meet in Heaven's high Story,
Both may be crowned with immortal Glory.
Tickets to see this Coronation,
Are free—at the Door of Salvation.

One of the Society's Jackalls called at the shop, and asked if he could have any printed copies of the verses, to which the bookseller replied in the negative. The owner of the shop having occasion to go out soon after, looked the door; but in his absence, the aforesaid Jackall, accompanied by two others, having watched his opportunity, had been to the shop, thrust his hand through the pane of glass, and tore out the paper—trusting no doubt, that Mr. Hon. Sec. would be able to find in it something fit for a Special Jury, in which case the informer would not have gone unrewarded.

Chinese Taste.—There appears to be something Chinese, says the CHRONICLE, in the prevailing taste of Dublin at this moment; the Recorder's speech is in the true style of the celestial Empire, *omnia magna loquens*, and might indeed cause some jealousy at Peking, "That the Monarch of the greatest Empire upon Earth, &c. &c.—brother of the Sun, and first cousin of the Moon," might have succeeded this flight without impairing the effect. Buttons have also risen in importance.

House Flies.—At this period, when house flies are so troublesome, it may perhaps be useful to notice, that a decoction of the wood Quassia is the most effectual method of destroying them. It is also perfectly harmless when taken inadvertently by children. The mode of preparing it is by slowly boiling half an ounce of Quassia in about a matchkin of water till it is reduced one-half, then add a small quantity of sugar. The mixture of sugar, treacle, and alum, recommended as a certain remedy for this nuisance, has proved totally unavailing, whereas the Quassia has been tried with complete success.

Pamphlets.—Extract of a letter from Paris, dated August 23:—"The Government alternately tolerates and prohibits the lithographic prints which call to recollection the death of Bonaparte. At the same time the boulevards are loaded with pamphlets in all forms, and under all sorts of titles, relating to that personage, which the vendors offer to loungers to read gratuitously. I have not had the curiosity to read them. Several of them, to judge from the title, mean to insinuate that Napoleon was poisoned; One of them is entitled 'Napoleon and the Queen of England, both dead of a hereditary cancer.'"

Insects.—An article, dated Vienna, August 11, says,—An extraordinary event has occurred in the neighbourhood of Schoenburn. In the middle of a very heavy rain, a prodigious quantity of insects fell, which are not only unknown in these countries, but even in the cabinets of the learned. These insects are of the size of Scarabei, which they resemble a little in shape; they are covered with a species of shell, and water appears to be their element, for they can only be preserved alive by plunging them into that liquid. It is supposed that they have been taken up in some distant region, and brought here by a water spout.

County Paper-Money.—The county of Lancaster, a county containing near a million of inhabitants, has been for a long time supplied only with Bank of England notes, all confidence in local paper having been destroyed by the failure of a very large banking-house at Manchester. When the Bank of England ceased to issue one pound notes, great quantities of sovereigns were sent down, which were eagerly taken; and at length, the Bank refusing to send any more, much inconvenience was felt in consequence. Some persons then suggested the establishment of local banks—a suggestion which created so much alarm, that a few days back, there was a numerous and respectable meeting at Manchester, at which, after some able speeches from Mr. Wood, &c. strongly urging the danger and pernicious effects of country paper-money, Resolutions were unanimously agreed to against receiving and circulating any local notes that might be issued; and a Committee was appointed to obtain the co-operation of the people at large. This is something to scare even the "Old Lady of Thread-needle street," as well as all her children.

An Assault.—The beadle of the new Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields was brought up to the Mansion-house on the 30th of Aug. charged with an assault. It appeared that a Mr. Bromley had gone into the Chapel with his child merely to view it, and on Sunday last, when he got into the body of the place, a person demanded three-pence as admission-money; this Mr. Bromley refused to pay, thinking all places of public worship free; neither would he accept the alternative of going out. His resistance drew round him a crowd of humble Irish, of whom the congregation was mainly composed, who talked very sharply in their native tongue, and ejaculated "Heretic!" The beadle then came up, and ejected him with outrageous and unwarrantable violence. In defence, the beadle said his object was to keep the peace by removing Mr. B. from the angry congregation; and that the debt of the chapel was paid by the money taken at the doors. The Lord Mayor decided, that there was no right to exact money in places of public worship; and the beadle refusing to apologize for his violence, was held to bail for the assault.

Excise of Scotland.—It appears from a Parliamentary Paper, that the sums disbursed by the Excise of Scotland, as expences of law proceedings before the Courts of Exchequer, Session, and Justiciary, for the six years ending 1820, amounted to 45,056*l.*, which is about 7,600*l.* a-year, or 25*l.* a-day. The sums paid to the Solicitor of Excise have been about 5340*l.* annually during these six years, out of which he has paid about 1,300*l.* annually to counsel. We have no doubt that the cheese-parings and candle-ends which fall into the hands of this functionary, as dues of office, greatly exceed the gains of an American Secretary of State!—*Scotch Paper.*

Irish Ecstasies.—On the 22d of August the King went to the new Theatre, and his reception was of course more "prodigious" than at the London Theatres: there was no need, as on former

occasions, to hire applauders. His Majesty had commanded the *Dianna* and the farce of *St. Patrick's Day*—both the productions of poor Sheridan. "The Captain's a bold man!" says *Mr. Peachum* in the *Beggar's Opera*. The pit, we are informed, "waved hats, bands, and coats." The theatrical authorities were so eager to greet their Patron, that upon a false alarm of his Majesty's entrance, the curtain drew up, the performers advanced singing "God save the King!" They retired, on discovering the mistake, amid the laughter of the audience.

The "Grand Civic Dinner," on the 23d of August, was, however, the most taking affair. We pass over the preparations at the Mansion-house, the galleries filled with ladies, and "all the delicacies of the season," &c. leaving all that to epicurean imaginations. When the King entered, he was received by the Lord Mayor, who expressed his "unspeakable" delight at this prodigious honour, in return for which his Majesty said he would knight the Recorder and Sheriffs, which he immediately did with the City sword. The farther particulars, from the Dublin Papers, will serve to shew on what little circumstances that acute people, the Irish, build their confident anticipations of a new Golden age:—

"His Majesty walked up the middle of the room with towering dignity, supported by the Lord Mayor, who conducted him to his Throne; his Majesty's suite, and the Dignitaries most illustrious in rank, occupied the Royal table. Grace was said by the Lord Primate: the whole of the guests then resumed their seats. The Lord Mayor helped his Majesty to soup, but some persons on his Majesty's left wishing also to be helped, and being too far from the Lord Mayor, his Majesty in the most condescending manner possible, took the ladle, and helped the Lord Lieutenant, Prince Esterhazy, the Lord Chancellor, and some others. When his Majesty had finished his soup, he took his glass, and immediately challenged the Lord Mayor, who sat upon his right, and the Lord Lieutenant upon his left; they immediately rose and bowed to His Majesty, who drank to both their healths."

Towards the close of the evening, however, after the King had retired, and when the wine had circulated freely, a loyal Alderman, who could no longer contain himself, gave the great Orange toast—"The Glorious and Immortal Memory." The attempt was put down by the shame of the company; but it was evident that the ultras were much inclined to break loose from "conciliation" trammels! So much for the "eternal" Harmony of the New Golden Age!

On the 24th the King visited the Dublin Society, and partook of a splendid *dejeuner* on the lawn of Leinster House. In the afternoon he left Dublin on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Conyngham at Slane Castle, about 22 miles distant. Bonfires were prepared on the road, and the peasantry, it is said, lined the way, and greeted his Majesty, much to his satisfaction, for he frequently laid both his hands on his heart.

Bonaparte.—The death of Bonaparte has created a very lively sensation at Paris, and has affected parties differently according to the opinions they entertain. We are overwhelmed with odes, eulogies, histories, &c. though the few last years seem to have exhausted all that can possibly be said respecting that extraordinary man. The Journal, entitled the *MIRROIR*, states that at the last representation of *Britannicus*, the audience loudly applauded the following line of Racine:—

"Non non, Britannicus est mort empoisonné."
No, no, Britannicus is poisoned.

It is certain that the opinion to which this Journal alludes, is very generally diffused throughout France.

In allusion to the same subject, a private letter thus observes:—"It was expected by some that the death of Napoleon would produce great agitation. They were deceived. It is true this news has not been received with indifference by the greater part of the nation—in the departments especially, particularly by the women—and, above all, by the military.—However, the greatest tranquillity reigns at this moment. Still it must not be supposed that this is the effect of indifference or lukewarmness;

on the contrary, the nation experiences a profound sensation, but in place of showing it by useless agitations, which can only compromise a few individuals, public opinion is decided, and assumes a consistency truly imposing. An Ultra arrived a few days since at Paris, after having traversed three or four hundred leagues of France, and said, in the bitterness of his heart, 'I can no longer recognise a Frenchman—it is a thing invisible—the people have become Liberals everywhere. I know not what will be the result of the elections; but with such disposition as these, we cannot expect that they will be favorable to us; the prospect is truly terrible!'"

His Majesty.—Some idea may be formed of the magnificent style in which his Majesty lived during his recent residence in Ireland when we mention that his expences exceeded £10,000 a week! The authority for this statement is the Dublin Court paper.

Important Intelligence!—(*From a Scots Paper*).—An ass of Sir Walter Scott's was marched through Lanark last Sunday, on its way home to Abbotsford.

Don Quixote, Sancho Panza.—It would be incorrect, for many reasons to compare a certain person to Don Quixote; but were it compatible, it would be a clear case that Sir William Curtis would be his Sancho Panza, being almost as inseparable as the Knight and Squire. At one time we began to suspect that Ireland was about to be delivered over to the Worthy Baronet as a sort of Barataria. How this will end, Heaven knows! but we suspect that Sir William Curtis and his yacht will finally become a constellation, like Orion and his belt. The small talk of the City Leader must be wonderfully racy after that of Fox, Sheridan, and others! The sympathy may possibly be sipping of wine.

Subscription to the Life Guards.—The Ultras are puffing up the subscription to the Life Guards; but it is evident that it hangs fire—not but that the appeal to the old womanhood will draw a certain portion of guineas; the words mob and soldiery placed in a certain sort of opposition, is sure to operate upon the card purses of alarmed Dowagers; not to mention the ready subscriptions of a saintly mixture of rancour and meekness, which seldom meddles with cards, but which is infinitely active in far more injurious implements.—To these add the roisterers of Toryism, and who doubts the accumulation of a few guineas to reward soldiers, who are so happily and constitutionally employed; but attend to the appearance of the subscription and its signatures the real state of the case will be at once apparent. In fact without reference to opinion or party, the absurdity and impolicy of the scheme is so manifest, so replete indeed with mischief, that even authority itself must be displeased with it,—but let them go on. By the way, the motto chosen by one subscriber is very characteristic:—"He who resists the power, resists the Ordinance of God."—The old passive obedience cant! We cannot argue with these profound personages, but we have always thought the power which prevails to be the power of God—now the procession went through the City.—*Traveller*.

Irish Display.—The great Man is not the only person, it would seem, who has been intoxicated with Irish display. "Talking of whiskey," says a private letter, somewhat libellously, "some laughable stories are in circulation here about Lord Sidmouth's conviviality since his arrival in Ireland. At the Installation ball on Thursday night, the Noble Lord was gay, facetious, and some would almost say amorous. The King, for the hour that he lounged in the rotunda among the Knights, gave his arm to the Princess Esterhazy; but Lord Sidmouth is reported to have offered his arm to all the ladies around him with great naivete."

Change of Administration.—It is said, with rather more confidence than usual, that a change of administration is about to take place. We can state it, we believe, for certain, that Lord Liverpool, who has long desired it, will retire from office. Lord Grey, it is said, will take the helm. Catholic Emancipation is stated to be one of the first measures in contemplation. It will be recommended, it is confidently said, in the Speech from the Throne.—*Dublin Evening Post*.

Marlborough-Street.—On Saturday last, J. Cooper and J. Smythe were brought before Mr. Cowant, the sitting Magistrate, under the following truly ludicrous circumstances.

No wayward sons of genius could be more ragged in their attire, or more forlorn in their air than the two personages now in "durance vile." Cooper, it appeared, had taken his station in the middle of George-street, 'St Giles's, at an unseasonable hour, and not inappropriately selected *Hamlet's* soliloquy for a trial of his histrionic powers. It was just "the witching time of night," and Cooper was holding forth, brandishing a stick to "suit the action to the word," to the edification and astonishment of the watchman, who stood amazed, when on a sudden, Smythe, who is a chimney-sweep, made his appearance from a neighbouring house, attracted by the speechifying. The moment Cooper's eye, which was "in a fine frenzy rolling," caught the sweep, he exclaimed with great fervour—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell;
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak.—I'll call thee Hamlet."

"I'll take care you sha'n't," exclaimed the *flue faker*, making towards the tragedian in a hostile manner. The watchman seeing that poor *Hamlet* was likely to encounter something more substantial than his Father's Ghost, closed in between the parties, and received a "palpable hit" in parrying a blow. His anger being aroused, he sprung his rattle, while Cooper flourished his stick and uttered loud defiance to the sweep, crying out—

"Lay on, Macduff—
And damned be he who first cries
Hold, enough!"

at the same time flooring this watchman. The "Royal Dane" still kept vociferating scraps from plays, and called out, "What ho! I'm hoarse in daring you to action." Other watchmen came up, when the tragedian and the sweep were secured and conveyed to the watch-house. While in the strong room, a great noise was heard, and as the place had made the sweep poetical, the actor was spouting Shakespeare with impassioned violence, and there was great difficulty in silencing him at a late hour of the night.

The parties, when brought before the Magistrate, said they had been drinking freely, otherwise, the tragedian said, he would not have struck his "dramatic lyre," and the sweep, that he would not have joined in a riot for merely being called *Hamlet*.

The Magistrate fined both the offenders 5s. for being drunk, and they were committed in default of payment.

Prussia.—Professor Krug published an energetic proclamation, with a view to rouse his countrymen to aid the Greeks in their struggle for freedom and religion. It produced a great effect on the ardent minds of the German youth. An article from Frankfort says,—In the first few days after its publication 100 young men of good families applied to Captain Dulberg in Aschaffenburg. It is said that a Prince of one of the most distinguished sovereign houses in Germany has contributed 50,000 florins towards the equipment of the young volunteers. Large purchases of cloth for uniforms have already been made. The uniform is blue, with a red cross on the breast.

Turkey.—Intelligence from Constantinople of the 31st has been received; which states that the Divan had agreed to the ultimatum of Russia, which demanded,—1. That all the destroyed Christian churches should be rebuilt.—2. That pardon should be given to all Greeks who had not revolted, and those already in arms, who should return to submission in a given time.—3. That Russia should be enabled to assist in the pacification of Wallachia and Moldavia, and place order there on a permanent footing.—Baron Stroganoff has left Constantinople on the 27th without receiving this answer, though it was tendered to him: he quitted under pretence of anger at its delay, but in reality to conceal his real.

Intelligence has arrived from Vienna, that Baron Stroganoff had actually reached Odessa in obedience to orders from his Court, which had recalled him.

Barrack System.—The spirit lately displayed by the Life Guards, is precisely that which it was long since predicted, would emanate from the Barrack System. Indeed, under the kindly auspices of an indulgent Administration, the anticipated evils are even more than realized; for the barrack is not only found to engender in the soldier feelings hostile to the citizen, but to afford him, on the perpetration of outrage, a fortress to shelter his delinquency—a sanctuary that obstructs the course of justice. We are not disposed to view in the soldier, a necessary enemy of civil liberty. The noble spectacle recently displayed of an army asserting the rights of the people, and bestowing on the community the blessings of a Constitution, is sufficient to deliver the soldier from the odium of this too general imputation; and it is hard to imagine that men, who would generously lavish their own blood in the defence of our liberties abroad, would spill that of the citizen, in an unnatural contest with our rights at home. When, therefore, we perceive any thing approaching to a ferocious disposition towards the people, we are not disposed to attribute it to his general relation with society as a soldier, but to some artificial principle that excludes him from intercourse and sympathy with the community. The Barrack system has ever excited apprehension and distrust; it is only supported on the plea of convenience, and is strongly reprobated by the elegant commentator to whose authority even the present Government profess to defer. "Nothing," says BLACKSTONE, "ought to be more guarded against in a free state, than making the military power, when such a one is necessary, to be kept on foot, a body too distinct from the people. The soldiers should live intermixed with the people; no separate camp, no barracks, no inland fortresses should be allowed. And perhaps it might be still better, if, by dismissing a stated number and enlisting others at every renewal of the term, a circulation should be kept up between the army and the people, and the citizen and the soldier be more intimately connected together.—Book I. chap. 13. We have, alas! departed from the wise principles here laid down, and are now beginning to taste the fruits of our deviation.

In the last number of JOHN BULL, as we have before observed, it is more than insinuated that WILLIAM AUSTIN is the son of her late MAJESTY; she is even affirmed to have proclaimed the fact, on her death-bed. As a measure of public policy, it becomes the duty of his MAJESTY'S Law Officers to institute proceedings against the author of a calumny as mischievous as it is infamous. We have only to suggest that the KING, then Prince of WALES, was within the four seas; the necessary legal presumption will at once present itself to our readers. They will not also be slow to perceive the infinite mischiefs with which it might at some future time be attended. Many of the Tory party may remember the jokes respecting *accus*, which at one period they were pleased to circulate, and may be the better disposed to relish the very ingenious malice of JOHN BULL.

BLACKWOOD, in an article on British seamen, is thrown into a perfect ecstasy, by the beauty and comfort of impressment, having told an absurd story of some coy sailors in want of employment, who being assured that there were ships in want of men, declined offering, but said, they should be glad to be pressed.—He thus breaks out, and thus be it observed, with reverence, is the "wind tempered to the shorn lamb, and so beautifully and wonderfully are we made, that the harshest rod of power wielded in our land of freedom, becomes in certain circumstances, a staff against which the simple hearts of some of the wildest and bravest of us desire to lean." This is, indeed, the philosophy of power. These harsh rods of power may, indeed, be very pleasant things for those who have the handling of them to lean upon occasionally, when tired of exercise; but we don't think the people would admire seeing them multiplied in this land of freedom, for, unluckily, they generally get afflicted with the wrong end of the staff.—*Morning Chronicle.*

New South Wales.—The 3d Regiment, (or Buffs) has proceeded to New South Wales.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Assault and False Imprisonment.

BY A NAVAL CAPTAIN.

SECONDARIES COURT, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1821.

(Before Mr. Collingridge and a Special Jury.)

PICKFORD v. ELLIOT.—Mr. Charles Phillips stated the plaintiff's case. He said that Mr. Collingridge had just told them the names of the parties in this action—an action brought to recover damages for a trespass, an assault, and a false imprisonment suffered by the plaintiff from the defendant, and to recover also the value of property belonging to the plaintiff, of which the defendant had violently and wrongfully possessed himself. It might be necessary to inform the Jury, that the plaintiff was the son of one of the most respectable merchants of the city of London, who had been a governor of upwards of twenty charities, and who at the time of his death was the oldest governor then living of Christ's Hospital. His property, and, he trusted, his reputation, had descended upon his children, and Mr. W. Pickford was now a merchant of the city of London, and the owner of several ships, one of which was the *Ressource*. The defendant, Mr. Elliot, was the Captain of a sloop of war, the *ICARUS*, in his Majesty's Navy. In the year 1820, the plaintiff went in person on board his ship to the Brazil, in consequence of the value of the cargo, which consisted chiefly of dollars, to the amount of 400,000*l*. There was on board the vessel a carpenter of the name of Patterson, a very skilful workman, whom the plaintiff had occasionally indulged when they touched at any port, by allowing him to work ashore on his own account, and although he might have stopped his wages during such period of indulgence, he had never done so. There were some persons in whom indulgence failed to create gratitude, and unfortunately Patterson was one of them. When the ship arrived at the port of Rio Janeiro, he asked leave to go on shore, but as Captain Pickford had no pretence, as it was technically termed, with the shore, and as Patterson had abused the indulgence which had been granted him on a former occasion, he refused to let him go. Patterson became discontented; and he contrived to communicate this discontent to the rest of the crew, so that it rose almost to absolute mutiny. As the *ICARUS* sloop of war was lying near the vessel, Captain Pickford thought it right in this emergency to apply to any ship of war which bore his Majesty's flag, and he accordingly ordered out his boat, and went on board the *ICARUS*. He did not see the defendant on this occasion, but he saw a perfect gentleman, the Honourable Mr. Maude; the first Lieutenant, who was at this time in Ireland, and who could not therefore, he regretted to say, be called as a witness in this cause, because, by a strange anomaly in the process of the English laws, a subpoena did not run to Ireland. He represented the situation in which he was placed by the mutiny of the carpenter, and Mr. Maude, with that propriety which generally characterises the officers of the Navy, instantly ordered a Midshipman, and a number of Marines, to go on board the *Ressource*, and bring the mutineer, Patterson, to the *ICARUS*. Captain Pickford was at this time in a bad state of health, and in addition to the misfortune of a debilitated constitution, he had a child lying on its death-bed in his country-house, near Rio Janeiro. He went on shore for the purpose of seeing his child before its death, and while there he received a message from Captain Elliot, at the purport of which he was not a little astonished, for he was told that unless he repaired within half an hour from the receipt of the message on board the *ICARUS*, and paid Patterson whatever sum he demanded, Captain Elliot would send an armed launch on board the merchant ship, the *Ressource*, and take out dollars to the amount of Patterson's demand. The distance of the house from the shore, and the state of the plaintiff's health rendered it impossible to comply with the summons of the defendant within the time prescribed, and the plaintiff therefore wrote a letter to Captain Elliot, in which he deprecated the threatened outrage, and stated his readiness to make every effort in his power to see Captain Elliot as soon as possible. He accordingly did repair on board the *ICARUS*, and it was there that he had the misfortune of a first interview with the defendant. As soon as he came on board, Captain Elliot abruptly accosted him, by observing that there had been a great deal of trouble in settling the accounts between him and his carpenter, and added, "I desire you will settle them instantly." The plaintiff said he was quite ready to settle them, and drew a cheque for the sum due to Patterson. Captain Elliot objected to the cheque, and said, "Come, Sir, this is not your name; you are falsifying your signature." The plaintiff in vain protested that he was a respectable merchant, incapable of committing such an act; the Captain swore that he was a shabby fellow, and ordered a fresh cheque to be drawn for the whole sum demanded by Patterson. Upon the plaintiff's refusing to pay this sum, said amounting to 20 more than was due to Patterson, Captain Elliot said, "If you do not pay it instantly, I will tie you up to the gangway and give you six dozen lashes if it costs me 2500*l*." Captain Pickford replied that he was on board his (Captain Elliot's) vessel, and that he knew he was in his power; but he would not dare to commit such an outrage upon him, when there

were British laws to appeal to for redress. He requested the officers of the ship to give him their names as witnesses of this transaction. Captain Elliot forbade the officers to give their names at their peril. "And now for your insolence," said he, turning to the plaintiff, "I declare you a prisoner; send off his boat; I will not take your dollars, but I will take your three topmasts." This order was no sooner given than executed; in vain the plaintiff represented the danger which would arise from dismantling his ship in the event of a storm. Capt. Elliot ordered out an armed launch to go on board the ship of a British merchant, and actually brought away the three topmasts to the *ICARUS*. The plaintiff was in the mean time detained a prisoner on board the sloop of war; he appealed to the humanity of Captain Elliot to inform his wife of his situation; his request was denied; he begged to be allowed the use of pen, ink, and paper; this, too, was refused. It was intolerable to reflect on the degree of tyranny which Captain Elliot had exercised; the conduct of the Russian was not more despotic than this Captain of an English frigate. But though Captain Elliot would neither inform the plaintiff's wife of his situation, nor allow a father to see his young child, he could go on shore himself for his own amusement, and as he probably learnt on this occasion that the man on whom he had committed his gross outrage, was one of the most respectable and honourable merchants that ever traded from the British shores, he thought proper, after the expiration of six hours to give orders for his liberation. Captain Pickford applied, as soon as he got ashore, to the authorities of the country, and a criminal warrant for piracy was issued against the Captain of the *ICARUS*, which was only not executed because the defendant fled under the flag of England from the port. The defendant had at first the hardihood to deny that he had committed the offence with which he was charged; but, after some consultation with his legal advisers, he found it would be useless to follow up insolence and oppression by audacity in a Court of Justice, and he had therefore confessed upon the record that he had imprisoned and plundered the plaintiff. The damages were laid in the declaration at 2000*l*, and the jury would see whether any circumstances of mitigation could be adduced to diminish those damages—Such, gentlemen, continued Mr. Phillips, is the case which I am instructed to present to you, and I do think that there are circumstances in it of peculiar aggravation. Its entire and utter want of provocation, the insulting language by which it was accompanied, the gross and scandalous plunder of property, the prohibition of all communication with the shore—its secret, the defendant's vessel, its witnesses the defendant's crew—its actual operation in point of imprisonment, and that doubly enhanced by the state of the plaintiff's health, the affliction of his family, and the rank which he held in society. These circumstances do in my mind mark it as a case of considerable aggravation. You are to-day called upon to do what? Do you think it is merely to compensate the plaintiff for his bodily endurance, and for the loss which he has sustained in property? I should be sorry to degrade you by such an office. You are called upon to do a great deal more. You are called upon to tell the mercantile community of this great city, at what sum you estimate such treatment endured by a British merchant from a British officer. You are called upon to tell the navy of Great Britain, whether her flag is for the oppression or the protection of the people. You are called upon to tell the armed and presumptuous innovator, that this country will not submit to a military jurisdiction—that we have still a power paramount to the sword—that power which patriotism created, and wisdom nursed and age has made venerable—the power of the law; a power which will bend neither to sovereign or subaltern tyranny, and which, while it protects the noble and the wealthy, will fortify even the cradle of the peasant's infant against oppression, although it were mailed in armour. Give me leave to ask you, gentlemen, for what sum, in money numbered, would any of you endure such treatment—for what sum would you endure insult such at this? Insult! not only insult, but plunder—not only plunder, but imprisonment, not only imprisonment, but menace the most odious and revolting. For what sum would you endure to be publicly told that you should be tied up to the gangway of a man of war—to be told that you should receive six dozen lashes, even if the perverse proud despot was to pay six thousand guineas for the enjoyment—to be told this before a common crew of dependants, who might be indulged perhaps in proportion to the derision with which they jeered you, and not only to be told this, but to have the threat in some degree put in practice by the degradation of actual imprisonment? At what sum do I ask you? No; but I ask you if any man were to tender you one thousand guineas for the submission, would you not dash in the ruffian's face the proffered wages of your dishonour? And where was it that your respectable fellow-citizen endured this outrage? Was it in one of our own ports, where his known respectability might have borne him buoyant above such an indignity? No; it was in a foreign bay, and in the face of strangers, that the British officer, his natural protector, degraded the British merchant into a slave—it was there that he imprisoned, plundered, and insulted him—it was there that he at once violated the laws, and trampled on the flag of England; and, amid the contemptuous and ridiculous of a Portuguese rabble, fled from a criminal warrant for an act of piracy! In the name of the whole British navy I protest against this outrage—in the name of that glorious banner which never

waved except in victory, I deprecate this foul and unexampled degradation!

The only witness called was Wm. Fuller, the master of the defendant's ship. He proved in substance the imprisonment, the insulting language, and the taking of the sails. On his cross-examination, he admitted that the plaintiff had dined on board with the officers during his detention, but not with Captain Elliot's knowledge. The sails were sold for 9l, which was handed over to Patterson, perhaps their real value was about 20l. At one time when the defendant had given the plaintiff permission to go, the plaintiff said, "You knew better than to keep me," on which he was remanded till further orders. This witness did not prove that any warrant had been issued against the defendant for the taking of the sails.

Mr. PHILLIPS here said he thought he had proved his case in substance, and he would call no more witnesses, as they must all necessarily be of the defendant's crew.

Mr. ALLEY.—If the admission of the plaintiff's respectability can add any weight to his client's case, my learned friend is quite at liberty to avail himself of that which he do most readily admit, the perfect respectability of Mr. Pickford; I think too, I may fairly claim from my learned friend's candour and gentlemanly feeling, the same admission in favour of my client, who is one of the most gallant, generous, and noble minded officers that ever graced a service, proverbially celebrated for the high qualities which it inspires, and the glorious exploits which it has achieved. I lament that my learned friend should have been instructed to represent Captain Elliot to you as a very different character; I lament that he should have indulged the bad passions of those who have instructed him, or perhaps, more properly speaking, of some malevolent mind from which those instructions emanated, in aspersing a character as unsullied as ever adorned a British officer; I lament that he should have indulged, for I do admit that he has indulged, by his eloquence an admiring audience; because I feel that on a subject like the present, it is but an idle waste of time to occupy so great a portion of attention by an address, which, divested of its verbiage, has nothing upon which it can by possibility sustain itself. It is the remark of one of the most critical as well as the most eloquent writers of antiquity, I mean Longinus, in speaking of efforts of this description upon subjects so much beneath them, that "to do a thing of this kind is quite ridiculous." Gentlemen, I trust that you, by your verdict, will recognize that sound opinion, and that you will not suffer yourselves to be lulled by smooth periods, animated action, or even by vociferous declamation. I could not but admire the dexterity with which my learned friend introduced his witness. He was, you were told, one of the defendant's crew, one who was quite reluctant to disclose the truth, and from whom it would be exceedingly difficult to procure it; he was the friend of Captain Elliot, the master of his ship, bound to him of course by the ties of duty; the defendant's interest was to mask his narrative; but your discerning minds: was to discover the truth through all these formidable and, let me add, fictitious obstacles, I say fictitious, because I fearlessly ask you—have you ever, in the course of your not limited experience, observed a witness more anxious to serve the cause which he was called to support? His was a novel sort of friendship, from which, I say, with all my heart and soul, may God protect me. What then has that witness detailed of the sufferings of this injured individual? What has he said about the illness of that child, and the grief of that family, concerning whom my learned friend has read such a laboured lamentation; I regret I cannot but repeat it, that in any case my learned friend should be compelled to employ those splendid qualities of his highly cultivated mind in flinging obloquy upon a proud and gallant individual. I regret it, because I wish to see those talents calculated as they are to reflect a lustre upon our common country, employed in far different and more suitable exertions. It is quite true that my client acted on this occasion as a man of warm temper and generous feelings would have acted; he did not treat the man who paraded along his deck with folded arms and defying step,—he did not treat him with all the courtesy of an accomplished courtier, nor with all the attention of a nimble footed dancing master; but is it to be endured, that for such punishment as the plaintiff had suffered, for the dinner which he had eat with all imaginable activity, that the defendant is to be visited with heavy damages? I protest that, in the whole course of my experience at the Bar, I never grappled with a case less substantial, and if I could but once present it to you in its naked poverty, stripped of that attractive drapery with which genius and eloquence has invested it, I should not think it worth while to dwell even for a moment upon its weakness. But I trust that you will yourselves perceive that there is really nothing in this case; that it only sustains itself by spreading over as much ground as it can cover, by general declamation, and by appeals to you, as merchants, and as men, not to countenance oppression. Gentlemen, I do not call upon you to countenance oppression, but I call upon you, by your verdict, not to lend your passions to such an unworthy purpose as that to which my Learned Friend would turn them. I ask you not to countenance the charge of the defendant's absconding in consequence of having committed an act of piracy,—it is barely false. It is usual in

cases of mutiny on board merchant vessels, if a King's ship is lying near, to call upon the Captain of the King's ship to interfere. In this case Captain Elliot was referred to as the arbitrator between the plaintiff and his crew, and he was satisfied that there was no ground for the plaintiff's complaint. As to the taking of the topsails it was certainly an illegal act; but Captain Elliot acted under an erroneous impression of the authority with which he was invested by the Act of 3 Geo. II. cap. 36; that Act enabled seamen on board merchant vessels to enter as volunteers on board King's ships, and it empowered the Captains of King's ships to direct the payment of such seamen's wages; but it gave no power to enforce the payment by a summary distress, although a contrary impression prevailed among officers in the Navy, and the practice had been to levy a distress on board merchant vessels, where payment was refused. The error which the defendant had committed was rather an error in judgment, than an error of the heart. He is not in a condition to pay large damages, for though connected with a family of high rank, he is a younger brother, and his only patrimony is what he can earn by his sword. Gentlemen, I am satisfied that you will in this case give but very temperate damages. The witness has told you that the sails in question, of which I fully admit the plaintiff to have been wrongfully deprived, were sold for nine pounds, and that the amount was given to the shipwright, Patterson. He said, however, (for I am not desirous of keeping any of the facts back from you), that the sails might have been worth twenty pounds, and even at that valuation I am contented that you should estimate them. The defendant, you will perceive, had no possible interest in this transaction; he was appealed to as arbitrator between the litigating parties, and though I am not called on to justify his decision, yet I trust that you will believe it to have been his intention not to oppress Mr. Pickford, but simply to decide justly and equitably between the Captain and his carpenter. Gentlemen, I leave the case in your hands, and I feel convinced that you will consider it a case for very temperate damages.

The Secondary recapitulated the evidence; and then told the Jury, that with respect to the value of the sails, to that sum the plaintiff was clearly entitled; and with respect to the other, and the more serious question of assault and false imprisonment, they would give such damages as they thought due to the plaintiff, both on account of the actual imprisonment, and also on account of his wounded feelings in consequence of that imprisonment. In assessing the damages he was clearly of opinion, that the threats of the defendant to flog Mr. Pickford could not be legally considered, since that flogging never took place, and therefore formed no part of the assault or false imprisonment charged on the record.

The Jury retired, and after a few moments deliberation they returned with a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Ordinance of the Imam Omar el Khatib.

- Art. 1. The Christians shall not be permitted any longer to build, in the countries which are subject to our sway, either convents, churches, monasteries, or hermitages.
2. They shall not be at liberty to repair their churches.
3. They shall dwell in quarters set apart, and cabins with only a ground floor.
4. They shall receive and support at their places of abode all the Mahometan travellers.
5. They shall not harbour spies among them; and if they know of any, they shall denounce them to the Mussulmans.
6. They cannot administer justice among them.
7. They are incapable of being parties or witnesses in a court of justice.
8. They shall rise up on the approach of a Mahometan, and concede to him their place.
9. They cannot wear either clothes, or habits, or turbans, like those worn by the Mussulmans.
10. They cannot mount a horse with a saddle upon him, nor carry nor possess any kind of arms; the use even of a walking stick is prohibited.
11. They shall not sell wine, nor suffer their hair or beards to grow long—they must be kept extremely short.
12. They cannot put their names upon their seals, nor their cipher, nor above all, the cross.
13. They cannot wear ostensibly out of their habitations, either the cross or the book of their faith, or swear by Christ, or the Virgin.
14. They shall sing in a low note in their churches.
15. They shall utter their obituary prayers in a low tone of voice.
16. The imperial tenth shall be levied on the infants of both sexes, and they shall be brought up in the principles of the Mahometan religion.

N. B. The articles 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, and 9, had been uniformly observed but the others had fallen into disuse.

Thursday, March 21, 1822.

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Flowers of Blarney.

"Behold a proof of Irish sense—
Here Irish wit is seen."—SWIFT.

It is difficult for the cold-blooded inhabitants of this island to look, without some wonder, at the effusions of loyalty in the sister kingdom. The Irish hate calculation, or we should suggest to them the old proverb, that there are two sorts of bad paymasters—"Those who never pay, and those who pay before hand." If any great blessings had, already been bestowed upon Ireland, we should think their rapturous joy at the sight of a King and his Ministers rational enough. The Irish seem, however, to follow the Walpolean definition of political gratitude—"a lively anticipation of benefits to come." Let us hope that their own expectations will be a little better fulfilled than the promises made to them hitherto. For the "instruction and amusement" of our readers, according to the approved phrase, we shall give some notion of the current literature, as well as loyalty of Ireland, by extracts from the Dublin Papers which arrived this morning:—

"His Majesty's Entry.—The Sun never shone on a prouder or happier day for Ireland than yesterday. No Monarch on the earth ever received a more enthusiastic tribute of devotional attachment to the Royal Person than the King received from his faithful Irish people on the ever-memorable 17th of August. The magnificent entry of the British Monarch into the capital of Ireland. Dublin yesterday exhibited a display of pomp and pageantry and pride, unsurpassed by any thing in modern London—unequalled by any thing we read of in ancient ATHENS, ROME, or LACEDÆMON. The occasion was too big, the scene too grand for utterance, no expression can express, no description can describe it."—*Weekly Freeman's Journal*.

How enthusiastic! how truly eloquent is this! "The magnificent entry of the British Monarch into the capital of Ireland!" stands alone in a sentence, wondering at its own wonders, as if no verb had a right to come near so stupendous a fact. The collecting together *Athens, Rome, Lacedæmon*, as scenes of "pomp and pageantry," is an instance of happy invention and research. It is only to be equalled by a passage in the national Irish poem. "*The Grypes of Blarney*," sung by Matthews with so much effect:—

"The statues that graces,
These noble places,
Are the Heathen Goddesses so wanton fair,
There is Plutarch and Venus,
And Nicodemus,
All standing out in the open air."

A Correspondent of the CHRONICLE, who seemed to have lost his wits like the rest, had a better comparison. He compared the "big occasion" to the splendid enthronization of an Egyptian deity;

"Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
(Belus or Serapis) their gods."

But we must proceed to a quotation from another paper, which conveys, we believe, "exclusively," the singular fact of the sun standing still, as the night did not become dark till the morning!

"We do indeed take credit to ourselves for the minuteness and fidelity of our account. Witnesses of the entire proceedings from dawn until DARK—a period CONSIDERABLY AFTER MIDNIGHT—we can vouch for the accuracy of those parts of it which come under our own cognizance. But although the description be faithful, and even particular, it is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which prevailed among all classes from the highest peer in the realm, to the most humble yeomen that accompanied the Procession on foot."—*Mercantile Advertiser*.

"The page of history presents no parallel—the fiction of poetry affords no passage sufficiently strong to represent the scene exhibited yesterday. The sensation experienced by the thousands who took a part in the proceedings, was joy, unmixed, and of the purest character—felt by all, but impossible to be described."—*Freeman's Weekly Journal*.

At a meeting in Dublin, Mr. Levisay took occasion to state, that when his Majesty landed, he followed to the Park, and heard the speech which caused so much observation—his Majesty spoke from the heart,—he was eloquent as he was graceful—he never heard any man, not the most practised of popular orators—who ever addressed a multitude with so much animation—so much spirit or public effect, as did his Majesty on the day of his landing.—(hear, hear.)

A private letter says,—"As an instance of the union and confidence which prevail here, I may mention that a Gentleman having mentioned at one of those Meetings that Committees should be appointed of Catholics and Protestants equally, the hint was received with disapprobation, because it was considered that these words ought to be no more heard of—that all distinctions had ceased, and the people of this country were no longer to be called or known by any other name than that of Irishmen!!!"—*Examiner*, Aug. 26.

Irish Adulation.

We have been looking out for the last 4 or 5 days for some additional flowers to enrich our *hortus siccus* of Irish rhetoric, but we have been agreeably disappointed in finding that the crop has been extremely diminished. It is highly probable that the cold breezes which blew strongly from the east when the rays of Majesty began to shine in the west may have nipped their buds or impaired their luxuriance. However extravagant, therefore, in their conduct, the people of Dublin are now more guarded in their language. They seemed for the first time, on the landing of the King in Ireland, to have discovered that they had not hitherto lived under a Kingly government, nor enjoyed the blessings of his Majesty's sway, when he resided at Carlton-house or Brighton. No wonder, therefore, that they shouted,

"Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto,"

and threw themselves into a fit of drunken exultation, without the aid of whiskey or intoxicating gas. But we hasten to "shoot at flattery while it flies," and to produce some sweet straws which will, no doubt, be as amusing to our readers as they have been to us. We forbear to go back to the stupendous subject of the Dublin city feast, or to describe the indescribable hall through which his Majesty is said to have walked with "TOWERING DIGNITY," supported by the Mayor and Corporation.

Qualis Bercypthea mater

Invehitur curru Phrygiæ TURRITA per arbes.

The following account of his Majesty's visit to the Dublin Society house is of a humbler kind but extremely piquant. It would be needless to point out the delicate phrases of penegyric with which it is sprinkled, and on which the King no doubt has the same opinion with ourselves. The walk of his Majesty round his tent like the king of the forest round his cage—the look of satisfaction with which he contemplated it—the prostrate fair one—the playful smile, and the gallant bow, are all described in rich colouring and excellent taste:—

"The King descended to the lawn, where a scene of matchless splendour awaited his approach. The staircase, and the approach to the royal tent, were completely lined with fashionables, and as he descended, he appeared peculiarly delighted with the blaze of female beauty and elegance that encircled him. The King bowed in his own peculiarly fascinating manner, and the easy playfulness of his smile indicated the utmost happiness at his reception.

"The spectators from the Square were electrified by the enthusiasm of the scene, and by responsive shouts testified their joyous feelings.

"Our happy Monarch, for indeed he looked perfectly happy, walked round his tent, and smiled as he contemplated it. His Majesty recognized several in his progress, and most affably saluted the Commander of the Forces with "How do you do, Baird?" He likewise noticed, and shook hands with others. One lady fell on her knees and seized his Majesty's arm, who, with a playful smile, raised her up, and bowed most gallantly."

After these smiling and playful scenes, it is our painful duty to record a royal visit to the Bank, in which it would appear that a becoming degree of ecstacy and enthusiasm was not displayed:—

"The King, it is whispered, was not quite pleased with the Bank of Ireland. Instead of showing the cash-room in its proper form and appearance, it was converted into a sort of theatre, in which his Majesty was exhibited. The Governors and Directors appeared in their common habiliments, instead of being full dressed, as was their duty. When they ushered his Majesty to the apartment where the notes were struck off, the key was not to be found; and to crown all, and to accomplish the acme of their bad taste, they placed the chair for his Majesty behind the statue of his Royal Father of blessed memory! It created a sensation which was visible but, perhaps, not clearly definable."

We have here his Majesty exhibiting himself instead of seeing the exhibition of the cash. (There may be two reasons for not showing the cash.) We have, governors and directors without court-dresses, we have the key lost instead of an open door; and, O never-to-be-forgotten indignity, we have his Majesty placed behind his predecessor, when, according to the Irish rule, he should have been before him.—*Times*.

DEATH.

On the 25th of August, at Belfast, United States, Mr. Laughlin M'Donald, a native of the Highlands of Scotland. His age, not accurately known, was supposed, from many circumstances related by him, to exceed 100 years. He belonged to the regiment of Highlanders which Lord Loudon, in 1757, pressed so hard to be billeted on the inhabitants of Boston, and which, the next year, was at the taking of Louisburgh from the French, and in the year following (1759) was in the memorable battle of the Plains of Abraham, where the English bayonets and the Highland broadswords so promptly decided the fate of Quebec. M'Donald being in the advance, headed by the immortal Wolfe, was near his General when he fell.

North American Review.

As the literature of America begins to attract some share of attention in this country, we make no apology for offering a few remarks on the spirit and character of this work, twelve volumes of which have now been published. The last three volumes form a New Series, and are superior in style and matter to the preceding nine. The numbers are at present published quarterly, but were originally published every two months.

A Review in a country with a scanty stock of literature, suggests the idea of a court of justice in a land where there are no disputes or crimes. But the analogy does not hold now in the case of America, the productions of whose press are already sufficiently numerous to afford occupation to a critical tribunal; and from the shape which the business of reviewing has assumed within the last 20 years, it is within the bounds of possibility that such a work might subsist without any contemporaneous literature at all. Our modern reviews owe their importance chiefly to dissertations on subjects of immediate interest, for which some petty pamphlet of the day merely furnishes a hint,—or if no such ephemeral production is found, the writer can either forge the title of one which never existed, or take some work published fifty or five hundred years before to head the article, or afford a starting point to his discussions. The American critics are too literal minded for these practices,—or the press is not prolific enough to shelter the frauds; for in this Review original essays and pieces of biography, undisguised by critical titles, are mixed with the more regular pieces of criticism.

We could not perhaps give a better idea of the state of the American press, than by referring to the quarterly list of new publications. In the number for January 1821, this list contains 53 articles—none of them repeated from former lists; and this exclusive of 10 reprints of English works. That for April 1821, contains 45 articles, besides 18 reprints of English works. Of the native American works the greatest proportion relate to theology; there are a considerable number upon political subjects, and upon history, and biography; some poems, a few works on classical subjects and antiquities; at a rare interval a novel; and little upon any science except law.

One of the most important purposes an American Review could serve here, would be to afford us a good picture of the state of contemporary literature in that country. Considered in reference to this object, the North American Review seems to be nearly on a par with our own Critical Journals. It is a better index of the state of public feeling and general opinion, than, strictly speaking, of the state of literature. There are few subjects which engage the public attention deeply, whether relating to politics, literature, religion, or jurisprudence, which are not embraced in the wide range of its discussion; but there are probably many works of learning and talent which it entirely overlooks; and those which it does notice, perhaps owe this distinction more to the immediate interest of the subject, than to their intrinsic value.

A corps of critics, like a Roman legion of old should contain within itself men qualified and disciplined for every species of service. In this respect, the North American Reviewers betray no material deficiency. There are able and well-written articles on pure and mixed mathematics, antiquities, poetry, belles lettres, the fine arts, political science, and on English, French, German, Italian, and classical literature. An Oxford fellow may be delighted with discussions about accent and prosody, and see long papers sprinkled with Greek and Hebrew characters, which like similar articles in our Reviews here, probably add more to the dignity than the circulation of the Journal. The political economy of the writers is, indeed, miserable; but the wretched ignorance of most of our own Journalists in this department ought to shut our mouths on the subject.

As America, from the nature of her situation, has done, and could do little to advance the sciences, Europe must still be the mint from which her intellectual currency is drawn; and the competency of her critics to act as censors on her rising literature, must depend upon their acquaintance with the science of the old world. It is but justice to the North American Reviewers to say, that they seem to have an early and accurate knowledge of all the best productions of the continental press. Though accused of borrowing every thing from the mother country, they do not appear to have copied one folio in our national character—a contempt for the literature of foreign nations. With regard to the literature of our own country, there is rather too much of it for us, because their criticism here is generally but the echo of our own; and though it were absolutely as good as what appears in our own Journals, it must be relatively worse because it is written in ignorance of local circumstances and of the varying state of public feeling among us. But though there is too much about British literature for us, there is not more, perhaps, than its intrinsic importance to the people of that country requires; and the articles of this class, as well as those relating to the literature of the continent, are generally written with a reference to situation, views, and interests of the people to whom they are immediately addressed. On

the subjects discussed generally, with the exception of political economy, the writers display a very considerable range of information, much acuteness, industry, good taste and talent. The articles are rarely superficial or frothy; there is no fierce sectarian spirit, and in the later volumes, no intemperate party feelings. Altogether, the work is certainly “superior to any thing of the kind that existed in Europe twenty years ago,” and in a general point of view, little below the leading Journals in Britain.

The Review, however, with all these good qualities, has one material defect. It wants a soul—it breathes no warm interest in the fortunes of mankind—it is not characterised by profound views of human nature, or enlightened and liberal principles. The writers seem to have caught up their tone of reviewing from the British Journals, and their philosophy seems to be made up of fragments from the schools of Europe. In the old world, where opinion has been so long the slave of power, writers who attempt original speculations are trammelled by the effect of ancient prejudices on their own minds and the minds of their readers, and by the deference which they are compelled to pay to old and vicious institutions. But, in the new world, where speculation is comparatively unfettered, there is no excuse for the timid creeping slavish tone exemplified in this Journal. The Reviewers, however, are Federalists; and notwithstanding their American professions, with a friendly eye on many of the political doctrines of unregenerated Europe. They are afraid to bottom their reasonings on comprehensive views of human nature; but rather work their way by confined notions of expediency, by precedents, ancient maxims, and long respected maxims, and all the apparatus of our antijacobin critics, whose fundamental doctrine is, that nothing should be which has not been in time past. Though living in a country where the march of improvement is almost visible to the eye, they are afraid to indulge a hope that the condition of mankind will receive any amelioration. There are few old establishments in favour of which they have not something to say. If they cannot entirely approve of the classical idling and sordid fellowships of the English universities, they speak of them with the most becoming charity; and they have the same indulgence for the cumbrous machinery of the English Church, where pay is in the inverse ratio of duty. In an article on the Constitution of Massachusetts, (vol. 11.) they lay it down broadly, that political rights should only be exercised by those who hold property—a doctrine which tends ultimately to render every four men slaves to the fifth. In the Review of Mr. Lyman's book on Italy, (vol. 12.) these enlightened advocates of a free press, when speaking of the Pope's *Index expurgatorius*, let out the opinion, that every Government should be invested with the power of dictating what books its subjects are to read—a sentiment for which his Holiness must be eternally their debtor. When forced by the abuse of the Quarterly Review to measures of retaliation, their censure of the English Government is delivered with a most edifying moderation, and they take care to let it be seen that they have a still greater hostility to the English Reformers, two of whom, Sir Francis Burdett and the Marquis of Tavistock, they describe as demagogues, who are urging the people to measures which would strip themselves of their property. They are equally moderate in praising their own institutions—which they have no wish to see copied by other nations, and they rival the Quarterly Reviewers themselves in a hatred of revolutions. In short, they are so humane and prudent, that had they lived in the age of Leo the Tenth, they would have found much to say against the reformation—in England under James the Second, they would have denied the necessity of a revolution—and in their own country, in 1776, they would have been found among the champions of social order, and the adherents of the mother country. The Review is rational, learned and respectable; but it is not republican, and it is not American. Its critical canons and political principles are not of home growth, but rather a transplantation from the literary and monarchical soil of France, England, and Germany.—*Sentinel*, August 16, 1821.

DEATHS.

On the 2d of July, at his residence in Fairfax county, America, Mr. Robert Thomas, aged 107 years. He lived to see the sixth generation, and perhaps the number of descendants of this man is unequalled in history. Although Mr. Thomas's habits in life were unrestrained, complying with the old proverb, “eat, drink, and be merry,” he was never known to call in medical aid during his life, and retained his intellectual powers to the last moment.

At Paisley, on the 20th of August, James Weir, 17 months old, known by the name of the “Wonderful Gigantic Child.” When 13 months old, and he continued to increase ever since, he weighed five stone; his girth round the neck was 14 inches, the breast 31 inches, the belly 30 inches, the thigh 20½ inches, and round the arm 11½ inches. He was born in the parish of Cambusnethan, county of Lanark.

On the 26th of August, in Portland place, Anne, wife of Sir James Graham, Bart. M. P. for the City of Carlisle.

On the 28th of August, at his house in Hartley-street, Simeon Drex, Esq.

ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

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Cawnpore Lottery.—Caution.

SIR, To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

About three months ago I read an Advertisement in your JOURNAL concerning the Drawing of the above Lottery. It was to take place on the 1st of January 1822, if all the Tickets were taken by that time. Being a Subscriber to the said Lottery, for now nearly two years, without knowing what has become of the money or when it was to be drawn. I beg to ask the Advertiser what is to be done if all the tickets are never taken? In matters of this nature the Public ought to be dealt with fairly, and no man ought to undertake such a charge, who is not able and willing to take the trouble of managing it properly. About two years ago a Paper was sent round proposing to sell certain Estates, with very beautiful descriptions attached to them, at Cawnpore. The Lottery was said to be patronised by an exalted personage, a Lady who has been a great Friend to the distressed, for the benefit of some poor Widow I believe, and there were a good many Subscribers, all of whom no doubt expected in a few months to hear of the drawing. At Military Stations we know that Estates perish very fast, and it is a doubt now with many, if a vestige of the Estates in question remains. Any information on the subject will be acceptable to Sir, your very obedient servant,

Damduddy Cottage, Cawn- }
poor, March 5, 1822. }

IN LUCK'S WAY.

The New Loan.

SIR, To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

The justice of the measures pursued by the Honorable Company or their Representative Agents abroad, to reduce or alleviate the pressure of their Debts, in any manner which they think most expedient, and which is not barred to them by the tenor of their Bonds, may be considered as unquestionable. The point of RIGHT, then, is clear and unequivocal. It remains to meet the point of EXPEDIENCY, and this part of the subject naturally divides itself into two main branches, having necessary reference to the double character of the East India Company, as a Mercantile Body, and as a Political organ to which the State has delegated the Sovereignty of this portion of the General British Empire.

On the first of these heads, it might be sufficient to remark that the Mercantile Company is the sole judge of the Mercantile Expediency of its new operations. The Directors are amenable to the Proprietary Body alone; and whether those Managers of the Joint-Stock Concern choose to trade in a dear or cheap manner, to pay 20 or 30 Rupees, or even 300 for a Cotton remittance to China; to hire cheap Tonnage in merchantmen at £12 out and home, or dear Tonnage in handsome warlike Ships at thrice that cost; whether they prefer economical Agency, or from particular views and interests like better to pay higher for more splendid Commercial Establishments; all this is their own concern, and that of their constituents the Stockholders. Criticisms or opinions on the Mercantile measures of the Company might properly be addressed to the Proprietary Body, but are evidently unavailing and out of place here. The transactions between the Company and their Creditors, whether at home or abroad, are manifestly of the nature of mercantile transactions. Their English Debts have been contracted under general or special authority given by the Legislature, and their Indian Debts have been contracted towards voluntary lenders of money on particular conditions, and under the general powers exercised by the Governments abroad as representing the Company. The STATE of England, or the territorial possessions which she has delegated for a limited time only, to the management of the Company, are in no way pledged for the security of the Indian Debts. An equitable claim or presumption might perhaps be set up in favor of the Public Creditor at the termination of the Charter, on the score of the notoriety of the Indian loans;—the tacit sanction conveyed in the occasional interferences of the Board of Control with the Company's financial arrangements,—or the recognition of the existing Debt in the appropriative and other clauses of the Charters. But the Creditor has no sufficient

lien; there is no distinct or legal hypothecation of territorial revenue for payment of debts that I remember; and although it is scarcely doubtful that in the present disposition of Parliament, some equitable arrangement will be made when the Charter is out, for inscribing the Indian Paper in "the Great Book" of the general debt of England; yet I apprehend the Indian Creditors have no lawful claim whatever to such solid security, and that they could only have their remedy against the tangible Stock, such as ships, goods, warehouses, &c. of the Company at home. The forts, factories, warehouses, and other Indian properties that look so formidable in the list of Stock and Assets, will most likely be considered as having been paid for out of the Revenues, from necessity or convenience of trade, like other expences of the exclusive traffic and management, and will go with the lands and fixtures when the lease is out.

The Indian Debts of the Company, then, are in no way ascribed to the soil, and though borrowed on the strength of that general repute and credit as great land-holders, which this Corporation may be said to have enjoyed for a long time past, and also on an indistinct idea that Parliament would father the Debt on the death of the borrower and resumption of the heritage; yet there is nothing of all this "in the bond," and the obligations in question are simply in law, "money lent to the East India Company on certain specific conditions described and set forth." Nor is this all: It is the opinion of many in England, that the Indian Debt though called Territorial by a misnomer, is strictly Commercial in origin; that the amount of the Debt is an exact measure of the loss arising from the Trade, and that the Revenues of India have sufficed on an average of years to pay the whole charges of protection and government. If there be sense or faith in the reasoning of Arithmetic, something very like a demonstration of this appalling proposition is made out in Mr. Rickards's ingenious Pamphlet, and I have not seen any tolerable attempt to rebut his powerful reasonings.

On the whole it seems evident that the mercantile expediency of paying off the Debt, or reducing interest or bonuses is a matter with which the State and the Public have nothing to do. If the strict terms of engagement with the Creditor be fulfilled, and if the Constituent Indian Stock-holders are satisfied that it is for their advantage to employ all the cash they can command or extract, after paying their expences, in voluntarily extinguishing or diminishing "Territorial" Debts, so close upon the expiration of the Lease, no one besides has any right to take exception at the procedure; and least of all ought the British Public or Parliament to repine, who thus have a better prospect, in reasoning when they think fit, an unencumbered Estate, which they would probably have had no objection to enter on the occupancy of, were it dipped many times deeper than a mere two years gross Rental. The unredeemed National Debt of England may be taken at something near ten times the gross annual Revenue, including poor's rates and other etceteras of lesser taxation. That of India, supposing it to follow the Territory as a fixed incumbrance would be perhaps twice the Revenue. The finances of Great Britain would therefore directly benefit by the amalgamation, even if the Company's Capital Stock and English Bond Debts were included in the bargain, inasmuch as the proportion of total Rental to incumbrance would rise from 10 up to less than 9 to one, while the small portion of this whole Debt (about 1-20th) which bore the heavier charge of 6 per cent. would scarcely affect the general ratio of 5 per cent. interest, which the English Debt may be taken as costing the nation; even supposing that this portion could not be immediately reduced to that common rate by an equivalent London loan at 5 or less than 5 per cent.

Of course, if the Legislature obtained the resumption without the incumbrance of the Indian Debt, from this being immediately cleared off, the bargain would be so much the better for the Resumers, whose Totality of Rental to incumbrance would then be about one to near eight and a half, assuming 2 as the expression of Indian Income, 5 as Indian burdens, 10 as English Income, and 100 as English Debt; proportions sufficiently accurate perhaps for such a rough estimate this.

March 3, 1822.

PAPYRUS.

Evils of Imprisonment for Debt.*To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.*

SIR,

As two instances have occurred lately of Deaths in the Jail of Calcutta, occasioned by the persons being detained there, especially one, after the Surgeon had given a certificate that the release was absolutely necessary for his recovery, I hope you will oblige me by publishing the accompanying, on the inhumanity of keeping people in Jail. They are the sentiments of our Great Moralist upon the subject.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Mirzapore, Feb. 10, 1822. **AN ENEMY TO OPPRESSION.**

As I was passing lately under one of the gates of this city, I was struck with horror by a rueful cry, which summoned me to remember the poor debtors.

The wisdom and justice of the English laws are, by Englishmen at least, loudly celebrated; but scarcely the most zealous admirers of our institutions can think that law wise, which, when men are capable of work obliges them to beg; or just, which exposes the liberty of one to the passions of another.

The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. To the community, sedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleness is an atrophy. Whatever body, and whatever society wastes more than it acquires, must gradually decay; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceases to labour, takes away something from the public stock.

The confinement, therefore, of any man in the sloth and darkness of a prison, is a loss to the nation, and no gain to the creditor. For of the multitudes that are pining in those cells of misery, a very small part is suspected of any fraudulent act by which they retain what belongs to others. The rest are imprisoned by the wantonness of pride, the malignity of revenge, or the acrimony of disappointed expectation.

If those, who thus rigorously exercise the power which the law has put into their hands, be asked, why they continue to imprison those whom they know to be unable to pay them? one will answer, that his debtor once lived better than himself; another that his wife looked above her neighbours, and his children went in silk clothes to the dancing-school; and another that he pretended to be a joker and a wit. Some will reply, that if they were in debt, they should meet with the same treatment; some that they owe no more than they can pay, and need therefore give no account of their actions. Some will confess their resolution that their debtors shall rot in jail; and some will discover, that they hope, by cruelty, to wring the payment from their friends.

The end of all civil regulations is to secure private happiness from private malignity; to keep individuals from the power of one another; but this end is apparently neglected when a man irritated with loss, is allowed to be the judge of his own cause, and to assign the punishment of his own pain, when the distinction between guilt and happiness, between casualty and design, is intrusted to eyes blind with interest, to understandings depraved by resentment.

Since poverty is punished among us as a crime, it ought at least to be treated with the same lenity as other crimes; the offender ought not to languish at the will of him whom he has offended, but to be allowed some appeal to the justice of his country. There can be no reason why any debtor should be imprisoned, but that he may be compelled to payment, and a term should therefore be fixed, in which the creditor should exhibit his accusation of concealed property. If such property can be discovered let it be given to the creditor; if the charge is not offered, or cannot be proved, let the prisoner be dismissed.

Those who made the laws have apparently supposed that every deficiency of payment is the crime of the debtor. But the truth is, that the creditor always shares the act, and often

more than shares the guilt, of improper trust. It seldom happens that any man imprisons another but for debts which he suffered to be contracted in the hope of advantage to himself, and for the bargains in which he proportioned his profit to his own opinion of the hazard; and there is no reason why one should punish the other for a contract in which both concurred.

Many of the inhabitants of prisons may justly complain of harder treatment. He that once owes more than he can pay, is often obliged to bribe his creditor to patience, by increasing his debt. Worse and worse commodities, at a higher and higher price, are forced upon him; he is impoverished by compulsive traffic, and at last overwhelmed, in the common receptacles of misery, by debts, which, without his own consent, were accumulated on his head. To the relief of this distress, no other objection can be made, but that by an easy dissolution of debts, fraud will be left without punishment, and imprudence without awe; and that when insolvency should be no longer punishable, credit will cease.

The motive to credit is the hope of advantage. Commerce can never be at a stop, while one man wants what another can supply; and credit will never be denied, while it is likely to be repaid with profit. He that trusts one whom he designs to sue, is criminal by the act of trust; the cessation of such insidious traffic is to be desired, and no reason can be given why a change of this law should impair any other.

We see nation trade with nation, where no payment can be compelled. Mutual convenience produces mutual confidence; and the merchants continue to satisfy the demands of each other, though they have nothing to dread but the loss of trade.

It is vain to continue an institution which experience shows to be ineffectual. We have now imprisoned one generation of debtors after another, but we do not find that their numbers lessen. We have now learned, that rashness and imprudence will not be deterred from taking credit; let us try whether fraud and avarice may be more easily restrained from giving it.

Great Doings in Dublin.*To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I have just found a Letter that was lost in the MATILDA Packet, from my first Cousin, by my grand-uncle's side, PATRICK CARY, Brogue-maker of Morven's-town; and as you are all making such a row about the great doings in Dublin, a little quiet account of the same, written by an eye-witness who heard all the select eloquence of his Majesty, may not be unacceptable to your readers. I have therefore sent you Carey's private letter, which you may either publish, or let it alone, just as you please.

I am, my dear Mr. Editor,

Your obedient Servant, till death and afterwards,

Durrannah,
March 16, 1822.

BARNEY McLEARY.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

Och! Barney, was n't it a bitter day, that night you and KITTY left the snug little Cottage at the foot of Sugarloaf hill! and the Pigs, and the Potatoes, and the Potsheen, to go seeking your fortune in outlandish parts, Faith! and it's I that remember that same morning well! there was n't a dry eye in all the County Tipperary, except my own, and they were fill'd with tears, to think that BARNEY—wicked BARNEY, as the young things used to call you—that broth of a boy, who had kiased more girls, broken more heads, and drank more whiskey, than any two lads for twenty miles round, should go to be fried under a broiling tropical sun, where the Devil a naggin of potsheen to keep the heat out sure, can be had. I'll go bail, for love or for money; by the Powers they were like to go mad! How elegantly he danced said one; and the winning ways of him, the rogue, sighed Nora; and

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who can handle a Shillelah like him? asked Kit, putting his finger at the same time into that little bit of a hole you made in his head at Ballanahinch Fair.

But what is the use of all this, when I want to be after telling you that I have seen the "great King," the Dublin boys call him; and well they may; for he'd weigh two of Boneyparty; and folks say He was a great man; but as this is the middle of my story, you'll be telling me, I am beginning at the wrong end of it. Well, one bright morning before sunrise, I just step'd into Larry's to take a small sup of the right stuff, when I heard that the King of England was going to visit his *sweet* town of Dublin; and 'twas *unknown* the power of good he would do. Bill Murphy said as how the poor would bless the ground his honour trod upon, before he walked on it, for that he'd make the six-penny loaf sell for four pence, and have all his attendants (*sick infants* Bill call'd them, but this was a bit of a blunder for they turned out to be healthy grown up men) clothed in wollens to encourage—Good luck to him!—the linen trade of Ireland; and Barrels of Duffy's Whiskey, with the tops and bottoms knock'd out, would be placed at the five corners of Merrion's-Square, where any one may drink, "God save the King," to the tune of St. Patrick's Day, and pay nothing for it, at all, at all. So without saying a word to Dora, I told her to bring my lost pair of new brogues, and the stockings she knit herself, the darlint; and with nine hogs and some coppers in my pocket, off I go for Dublin.—What a big place that same City is! Och! Cork's a child to it, and as good luck would have it, arrived just at the same time with the King; that is, half an hour before him. Why what do you think now, BARNEY, a King's only a man after all. I never was more disappointed in my life; no Lion, no Unicorn; but just wait a bit, honey, and I will tell you. I was standing in a street, so full of people that it would not hold me, when all of a sudden a thousand voices shouted; "The King! the King! there he comes! make way, make way!" In my eagerness to get a good sight, I knocked down all that came in my way; but this did not much matter, as there was no room for them to fall; and at last I saw himself in a grand carriage, drawn by eight beautiful horses. There were guards, and men on horse-back, and on foot, and in coaches; and they were bellying and shouting, and huzzaing, and throwing their hats in the air, and crying "George the Fourth for ever!" "Long live the King." And his Majesty, a fine looking old Gentleman was moving his head backward and forward, like the Chinaman in Flannagon's tea shop. I rushed onward, full of love, and thrust my hand into the coach window to give him a hearty shake and welcome him to ould Ireland, when he shrank back into the corner. Oh Cousin, dear! I felt at that moment as if a horse had kicked me. Sure BARNEY, the hand of an honest man, though it were sunned by exposure and hardened by work, wouldn't have hurt him, but great people don't like us poor folks to be too familiar. When all was over, I went to look for the Whiskey, but the Spalpeen had drank it up, Barrels and all, for the Devil a drop did I get. After I had returned home, I thought to write a bit of an Ode on the occasion, but I was not in the humour, though they tell me I make poetry elegantly sometimes. You recollect my Epitaph on O'GRADY's two children that died of the small-pox, which was so much admired:

"There lie two Babies, children dear,
The one at Balabock, the other here."

I have been scribbling on without seeing that my letter was full an hour ago; so God bless you, BARNEY, and that you may bring to ould Ireland, more Rupees than you are able to carry out of Calcutta,

Prays your affectionate Cousin,

Morven's Town.

PATRICK CAREY.

Marriages.

At Cawnpore, on the 4th instant, by the Reverend H. L. WILLIAMS, Mr. A. WILSON, of Diggah Farm, to Miss LOUISA DUHAN.

At Masulipatam, on the 23d ultimo, by the Reverend JOSEPH WRIGHT, Major WILLIAM HANKINS, of the 22d Regiment of Native Infantry, to Miss S. M. CHAUVEL.

Botanical Researches.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR,

The favourable reception my last Communication obtained from your lamented predecessor, emboldens me to solicit your indulgence to the following remarks, on a subject, in which every friend to humanity must feel interested.

The limited acquaintance, hitherto enjoyed by our countrymen in India with the various qualities, and medicinal virtues, of the vegetable productions of its soil, has often been admitted to be a subject of regret. Much has doubtless been done by the labours of such meritorious individuals as Roxburgh, Ainslie, Fleming, and several others, but that much more still remains to be accomplished, before we can become familiarly acquainted with the useful properties of the numerous tribes of the vegetable kingdom, growing in every direction around us, there can hardly exist a doubt. It has been judiciously and correctly observed by one who was fully competent to decide upon the matter, that "Those who think superficially upon this subject, may suppose that the stock of Asiatic productions is now nearly exhausted. This is so far from being the fact, that it may be considered as but just opened. The Eastern frontier of Bengal has in the short space of four years, produced one hundred and ninety species, all collected by one man, Mr. M. R. Smith of Silhet, and he far from being in such opulent circumstances as will permit him to expend much in these pursuits. The success with which he has led the way, is sufficient to warrant very enlarged expectations, when the whole of that extensive region shall be carefully examined. When to this we add the whole of our northern frontier, reaching from the Garrow mountains to Cashmere, and reflect that a very great part of it borders on the most elevated range of mountains in the world, we may surely indulge sanguine expectations of large additions to our Botanical Treasures without danger of disappointment."

"To the extensive regions of forest land on our borders, we must add the vast tracts of forest and mountain, in every part of Hindoostan; and with these were we to unite the countries East of Bengal, and the Islands scattered about the Indian Ocean; if the number of plants yet undiscovered bears any proportion to those discovered within the last twenty years, upon any given area of country in India, and indeed actually conveyed to the Botanical Garden at Calcutta, the sum total will almost exceed the bounds of credibility." Dr. W. Carey, Preface to the *Hortus Bengalensis*. 1814 pp. 8-9.

I was led to this subject by observing in the 263rd Number of the CALCUTTA JOURNAL, of the 4th Oct. last, that the Water Plantain (*Alisma Plantago*, Linn.) had been successfully administered in a case of Hydrophobia, that for a period of 25 years it had been constantly made use of in the Russian Government of Thoulia, and that out of an immense number of cases, hardly a single instance of failure had been known. The powder of the dried root, given internally, appears to be the usual mode of prescription. Tho' the Water Plantain is indigenous in many parts of Europe, and likewise in Great Britain, I am not aware that it has ever formed a part of our *Materia Medica*; on the contrary it has been noted for the noxious quality of its juices, which are said to poison cattle that feed upon it. This tribe of plants belongs to the sixth class and fifth order of the Linnean System, and in his *Ordines Naturales* ranks under the Tripetaloideæ; It is a member of the 18th Family of Jussieu's method, denominated *Les Butomes ou Joncoïdes*: The *Alisma* of Linnæus and Dill: the *Damasonium* of Tournefort and Vaillant and *Les Alismes* ou *Plantains d'Eau*, of Jussieu, is the same genus. This last refers *Damasonium* to a distinct genus, viz. *Le Plateau*, ou *La Damasone Etoilee*; *Damasonium Stellatum* of Dalechamp, Hist. 1,058. But it is so nearly allied to *Alisma*, that Linnæus includes it in the same family, under the name of *Alisma Damasonium*. There are ten species of *Alisma* known, of which the plantain is the chief, distinguished from the rest by its acute ovate leaves, and obtusely three-cornered pericarp; forming a globular head, and containing the capsules from 12 to 18 and 20, with one seed in each. They are all either annual or herbaceous, chiefly found in moist watery situations, and on the borders of marshes and stagnant pools. Five species are common to Europe, three to America, and one to Guinea, the remaining species is a native both of Spain and Northern Africa.

It would be worth the while of such Medical Gentlemen, whom duty or inclination might lead towards our Northern possessions, to ascertain whether the plantain, or any of its congeners are to be found in Upper Hindoostan. If any one should be so fortunate as to meet with the former, it would here be needless to enlarge on the incalculable benefits that might eventually accrue to the cause of humanity; for of all diseases wherewith it hath pleased the Almighty to afflict mankind, the Hydrophobia is certainly the most appalling, and the least understood. That they are to be met with is evident from the circumstance of the *Damasonium Indicum* being indigenous to Bengal, where it flowers during the rains, ripens its seed in the cool season, and is known by the

vernacular appellation Pance Kula, (literally Water plantain.) In Telugu it is termed Neer Veneki, both names denoting it's aquatic habit.

Should the foregoing remarks tend in any degree to stimulate the researches of those more competent to do justice to so important an object of investigation, than I am, I shall feel happy in the reflection of having drawn their attention to the subject; begging to apologise for having taken up so much of your valuable space,

I remain, Mr. Editor, Your obedient Servant,
Western India, February 5, 1822. BOTANICUS.

Nautical Notices.

Madras, March 7, 1822.—The Honorable Company's Chartered Ships *AMMON* and *KINGSTON*, sailed in prosecution of their voyage to England during the night of Thursday last. The names of the Passengers by these Ships have been given in our former numbers.

The *FAME* sailed for England yesterday. The *ABBERTON* follows immediately. *Passengers per ABBERTON*.—Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Church and two Children, Miss Stevenson, Major General Forbes, Reverend Mr. Church, Lieutenant Fitzgerald, 5 Children, and 1 Charter Party Passenger. *Passengers per FAME*.—Mrs. Owen and Child, Mrs. Mosse and Children, Mrs. Bankes and Children, two Misses Molesworth, two Misses Nicholls, G. F. Farewell, Esq. Doctor Owen, Captain Mosse, 32 Invalids of His Majesty's Forces, and 1 Charter Party Passenger.

His Majesty's Ship *SAMARANG*, Captain Campbell, was expected to sail in prosecution of her voyage to England last evening. Commissioner Upton and Captain Corrie, R. N. proceed on the *SAMARANG*. The *BRITANNIA* sailed last week for Calcutta, having on board several Convicts, sentenced to be transported to New South Wales.

The arrival of the *HENRY PONCHER*, has not furnished any later Intelligence direct from England, than that before known. The Mails brought by this Ship contained about 1,500 Letters we understand. The *MOFFATT* and *PRINCESS ROYAL* are stated to have arrived at the Cape, and the former to have proceeded on her voyage to England, before the *PONCHER* sailed. Two China Ships were to call at the Cape, to bring on a Regiment from thence to this place; and the two *Bedgal* Ships were also to touch there for another Regiment.—*Gazette*.

Commercial Reports.

Bombay, February 27, 1822.—We have been favored by a respectable Native Merchant with the following Extract of a Letter, dated Canton 25th December last.

By the particulars below you will perceive that we have already a stock of 1,46,780 bales of Cotton on hand, besides that of the 2 Ships lately arrived, and of the 5 or 6 other Ships expected from Bengal and Bombay, which will make a stock of about 1,90,000 bales, while not a single bale can be sold, the present stock will be sufficient for the Consumption of two years to come, and if any Cotton comes next season it will not be sold even at 6 Taels.—Most of the Hong Merchants refuse to pay ready money for Cotton, neither do they wish to give goods in barter, whence shall they pay? they are almost buried in debt, and being hard pressed they buy Cottons at high prices and sell them back at immense loss. I have heard to day that the H. Company's Cotton per Ship *ALMORA* has been bought by Kinqua at 6 months credit in consequence of the principal Hong Merchants having peremptorily refused to buy it. You may believe all the above particulars to be true, and by no means engage in Cotton speculations the next year.

Particulars of 1,46,780 bales of Cotton remaining with the Hong Merchants:—

	Bombay Bales.	Bengal Bales.	Total Bales.
Mouqua	25,200	9,300	34,500
Houqua	8,700	19,000	27,700
Kinqua	10,000	11,800	21,800
Pouqua	2,640	2,600	5,240
Pankequa	4,300	1,440	5,740
Foonqua	6,000	10,500	16,500
Manpop	900	6,400	7,300
Chonqua	5,700	5,800	11,500
Gonqua, Madras Bales	8,000
Kansequa	1,000	1,000
Fuqua	1,100	2,800	3,900
Anqua	2,200	1,400	3,600
	67,740	71,040	1,46,780

Births.

At Juanpore, on the 12th instant, the Lady of WILLIAM TULLOCH ROBERTSON, Esq. of the Honorable Company's Civil Service, of TWINS, a Son and a Daughter.

At Cawnpore, on the 5th instant, the Lady of GEORGE REDDIE, Esq. Superintending Surgeon, of a Daughter.

At Cannanore, on the 26th ultimo, the Lady of Lieutenant CALDER, Fort Adjutant, of a Son.

At Chittagong, on the 24th ultimo, the Lady of Lieutenant WILLIAM HODGSON, 13th Regiment of Native Infantry, of a Daughter.

At Coimbatore, on the 17th ultimo, the Lady of JOHN SULLIVAN, Esq. of a Daughter.

Deaths.

At Fort St. George, Madras, on the 1st instant, the infant Daughter of Lieutenant SIMKINS, His Majesty's 34th Regiment, aged 9 months and 11 days.

Falsely Reported Death.

We find it necessary in justice to ourselves and the parties concerned to lay before the public the following statement respecting the reported death of Captain FRANCIS RUTLEDGE inserted in the JOURNAL of the 14th instant. Our authority for that insertion was the following Letter:—

To the Editor of Calcutta Journal,

SIR,

Have the goodness to insert in your Paper of to-morrow, the melancholy death of Captain Francis Rutledge of the 1st Battalion 19th Regiment Native Infantry, merely thus: "At Benares, on the 4th instant, of an Apoplectic Fit, Captain FRANCIS RUTLEDGE, of the 1st Battalion 19th Regiment Native Infantry, sincerely regretted."

You can rely upon the Authenticity of the Event, having heard yesterday from a Friend at Benares giving the sad account.

Your's truly,

Mar. 13, —22.

JAS. HUNTER.

On the 19th, another Letter was found in our Letter-Box contradicting the above; but as it is signed with a fictitious signature, we did not think ourselves warranted in paying any attention to it until enquiry was made in order to ascertain from other quarters whether or not our information was inaccurate. Our attempts to obtain any certain accounts having failed, we give an exact Copy of the Letter itself, only premising that it is evidently in the same handwriting as the other, as must be apparent to all who choose to compare them together, for which purpose they are preserved for the public inspection:—

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

Having perused in your Paper of last Thursday, the Death of Captain Francis Rutledge, of the 1st Battalion 19th Regiment Native Infantry, I FELT NOT A LITTLE SURPRISED, as you must suppose, when I tell you, that I received a letter from that Officer, dated 7th March, 1822, Benares, and whereas you insert his death having taken place on the 4th instant. This must be a gross mistake, notwithstanding, you MAY have been informed of the event through a very respectable channel, and by your contradicting this false report in your Paper of to-morrow, you will oblige me much, as well as alleviate the sorrows and doubtful apprehensions of his relations, who are, I am told, already in mourning for his incredible death. I stand responsible for any thing that may occur by your contradicting the report, and will, with pleasure, come forward personally and produce his letter, should you find it necessary for my doing so hereafter.

Your's, &c.

Calc. Mar. 18, —22.

(Signed) AMICUS.

What we ought to think of a person expressing surprise at seeing in the JOURNAL a piece of intelligence he had given us himself, (for of the identity of the handwriting there can be no doubt,) and conjecturing, as if entirely ignorant of the matter, that "we MAY have been informed of the event through a very respectable channel," we leave our readers to judge. Of the respectability of the channel we shall not hazard an opinion after he has delivered his, as he must certainly be the best judge of this himself; but we are inclined to concur fully with him in thinking it a "false report."

We are happy to add, to prevent any misapprehension, that having applied to the only individual we find in the List of British Inhabitants whose name corresponds with that of our Informant, we have received that person's assurance that he had no knowledge of the transaction, and we have therefore every reason for believing that the above report rests on no foundation whatever.